



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 64 to 66 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48.....NO. 15,854.

RELIEF IN BROOKLYN TRANSIT.

Again has success crowned The Evening World's efforts in the public service. The report and recommendations of the State Railroad Commissioners fully sustain the complaints voiced in these columns against the wretched management of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.

The State Board orders an improved service on every line controlled by this company, "to take effect on or before Feb. 28, 1905." The detailed and specific improvements required show a careful and intelligent study of the conditions, and will, when given effect, afford great and general relief to the citizens of Brooklyn and all who have occasion to visit it.

THE TAX ON SAVINGS.

A cock-and-bull story is current at Albany that Mr. Higgins was "boasted" into pledging himself in his campaign speeches in favor of repealing the tax on the surplus and undivided profits of savings banks.

Some of the rural legislators declare themselves as opposed to this repeal—doubtless because there are no savings banks in their districts.

The fact remains that in their State platforms both the Republicans and the Democrats pledged themselves to repeal this tax. Were the conventions "coerced?" In his message to the Legislature Gov. Higgins said that this tax "appears in its practical operations to be a tax upon depositors, and is therefore contrary to the long-established policy of the State."

THE REAL BAD-MILK CULPRITS.

The Milk Trust is developing on similar lines to the Meat Trust. It keeps down the price the farmer receives and puts up the price the consumer pays. The difference is the gauge of its profits.

From the reports of the Board of Health and of inspectors who have visited the farms and stations it would appear that the chemicalizing of milk is done almost wholly in New York City and by the middlemen who supply the tenement-house grocers and small dealers. Much of the milk they sell is several days old, left over from the better neighborhoods whose babies are fed first on eight-cent milk, and their leavings and the surplus supply are passed on to the embalmers, who buy any kind of milk and doctor it for the tenement trade.

These are the men that the Board of Health should get after. Every small dealer should be made State's witness against the man who sold him the milk. Pure milk can be sold at a fair profit for five cents a quart, and the lives of tens of thousands of innocent babies are worth the most strenuous efforts to prevent and punish fatal adulterations.

WOMEN'S WORK AND WAGES.

Complaint is often heard that women, and half-grown boys too, are put at men's work because they command lower wages. On the other hand, women harbor a grievance because when doing the same work as men they are paid less.

A Mrs. Hanson, of Iowa, has just got into trouble at Norfolk, Neb., because she tried to escape from the penalty of being a woman. She wanted a man's wages, and she was willing to work in the beet fields, in a lumber yard and even to drive a coal wagon. But to make sure of getting a job she put on man's clothes. And she did a man's work, too, alongside of her husband. But the end of it all was that she was arrested for going disguised as a man.

The question that naturally arises in a case like Mrs. Hanson's is, should it be necessary for a woman to break a law to earn a man's wages? And when she travels under her true colors should she be penalized because of her sex if she does the same work as men and does as much work and as good work? After all, is not the laborer, man, woman or boy, worthy of his hire?

"THE GIRLS ARE SO HAPPY."

The woman superintendent was showing to a visitor some of the things that are done at the Hebrew Technical School for Girls in Henry street. There are commercial courses and manual courses in the school. A student may become anything, according to her inclination, from an expert stenographer to a fine seamstress or a milliner.

"The great thing about it," said the superintendent, "is that the girls are so happy."

This is a great thing, because the happiness is that of doing. It is not the idle pleasure of a moment. Such happiness means ambition, industry, accomplishment and the right sort of contentment.

There is the greatest virtue in every scheme of useful training where-in happiness is found the running mate to instruction.

The Third Avenue "L" road having proved for a little while yesterday that it can give good service, the public is forced to believe that the ordinary case is one of "just won't." There are remedies—as the State Railroad Commission has indicated in the B. R. T. matter.

Race-suicide is a difficult question, but race murder by adulterated food and "embalmed" milk should be easy to deal with.

The People's Corner. Letters from Evening World Readers

Wants "Museum" Suppressed. To the Editor of The Evening World: Our honorable Police Commissioner and our honorable District Attorney are certainly trying to clean our city of vice and gambling. Why not let them sweep down upon some of the so-called "museums" which entice the innocent public into paying admission to see nothing much but decorated walls? Also some of these "museums" employ several men who go in and out of the places paying fake admission, and in that way drag in the innocent and give them nothing for their money? JOHN K. B. R. T. Our Gymnasium.

Said on the Side.

MACHNOW, the Russian giant now in London, eats thirty-one pounds of bread and three pounds of vegetables, all washed down by three quarts of tea and three quarts of beer. Pretty good illustration of the diet specialist's theory that meat makes the man and a vegetarian diet the milk-sop. Hoped for the integrity of this theory, however, that Machnow will not run up against a Jiu-Jitsu Jap who lives on a bowl of rice a day.

Jellies colored with coal-tar dyes and catnap "preserved" with benzoic acid are not such as mother made before she became a clubwoman.

What the bridge passenger wants most of all is a chance to loop a loop containing a toboggan descent into a subway.

"You don't believe, then, that 'public office is a public trust'?" "Well, it's certainly like a trust. Some fellows seem to have a regular monopoly of it."—Chicago Journal.

Harvard's nine has 150 men in training. New York Nine selected long ago. "Strike up!"

"Boys risk their lives to see a show." Simply following the example of their parents if Fire Chief's statement is true that ten theatres are conspicuously unsafe.

Michigan carp dyed with cochineal masquerade as salmon. Snodgrass may have been right after all when he said "it wasn't the wine but the salmon" which had upset him.

Addicks Senators in Delaware reported to be wearing red ties. Used to be the boss's collar that was worn, but styles change.

Magistrate Osman advises girl to take up a course of reading, beginning with "The Simple Life" and "Paradise Lost." Really humane judge would have offered her the alternative of ten days.

Roach wishes it distinctly understood that he is "no Romeo." General absence of Julietts from the cast had already conveyed that impression.

Diner—I've been waiting half an hour for that chicken I ordered!

Water—You have unusual patience, sir—Judge.

New Yorkers who have made a six-day trip on showboats in the Adirondacks need not have gone so far from home.

"Phone girl tells elopement plan." Did not know that "Central" ever listened.

Chicago boy who has confessed to nine robberies has been sent back to jail "to think of the rest." Jail life renewed Roach's memory and enabled him to count up to thirteen.

Bellevue doctors are trying to determine the nature of the "unknown liquid" from which a patient died. Not so easy as it was before salicylic acid and benzoic acid and other "preservatives" came into use.

Scientist discoursing on "Whence the home, and why." Old question "whether" not bothering as many persons now as when the automobile first came.

Firm of "brokers" said to be teaching New York rich men how to avoid taxes. Popular idea that no such instruction was needed. Perhaps these would be profit, in spite of proverb, in carrying coals to Newcastle.

"Why don't you go to that store? They have everything there."

Mrs. Chase—That's just it. No matter what you ask for they can suit you right off.—Philadelphia Press.

Chicago Federation of Musicians has struck for higher pay because they have to perform more classical music and less ragtime than formerly. According to the union's secretary, "the greater the number of 'Il Trovatore' is greater than for 'Bohemia.'" Probably another ruse will be asked for for "Paradise."

Wagner admired the music of Johann Strauss. Hoped, however, that no spirit medium will try to get his opinion of the higher prices for "The East" at the Metropolitan to-morrow night than for "Paradise."

Employee of a slaughter-house in Wilt, England, boasts that he has dispatched 2,000,000 pigs with his own hand. May be a strain of blood from some royal boar-sticker in his veins.

"If my son is suffering from such a vile disease he had better keep it." This was stated at a meeting of the Lancashire County Council to be the reply of the mother of a miner with ankylostomiasis, who was offered \$5 a week to remain in Wigan Hospital in order that the doctors might watch his case.

"You enjoy a classical composition more after you have heard it a few times."

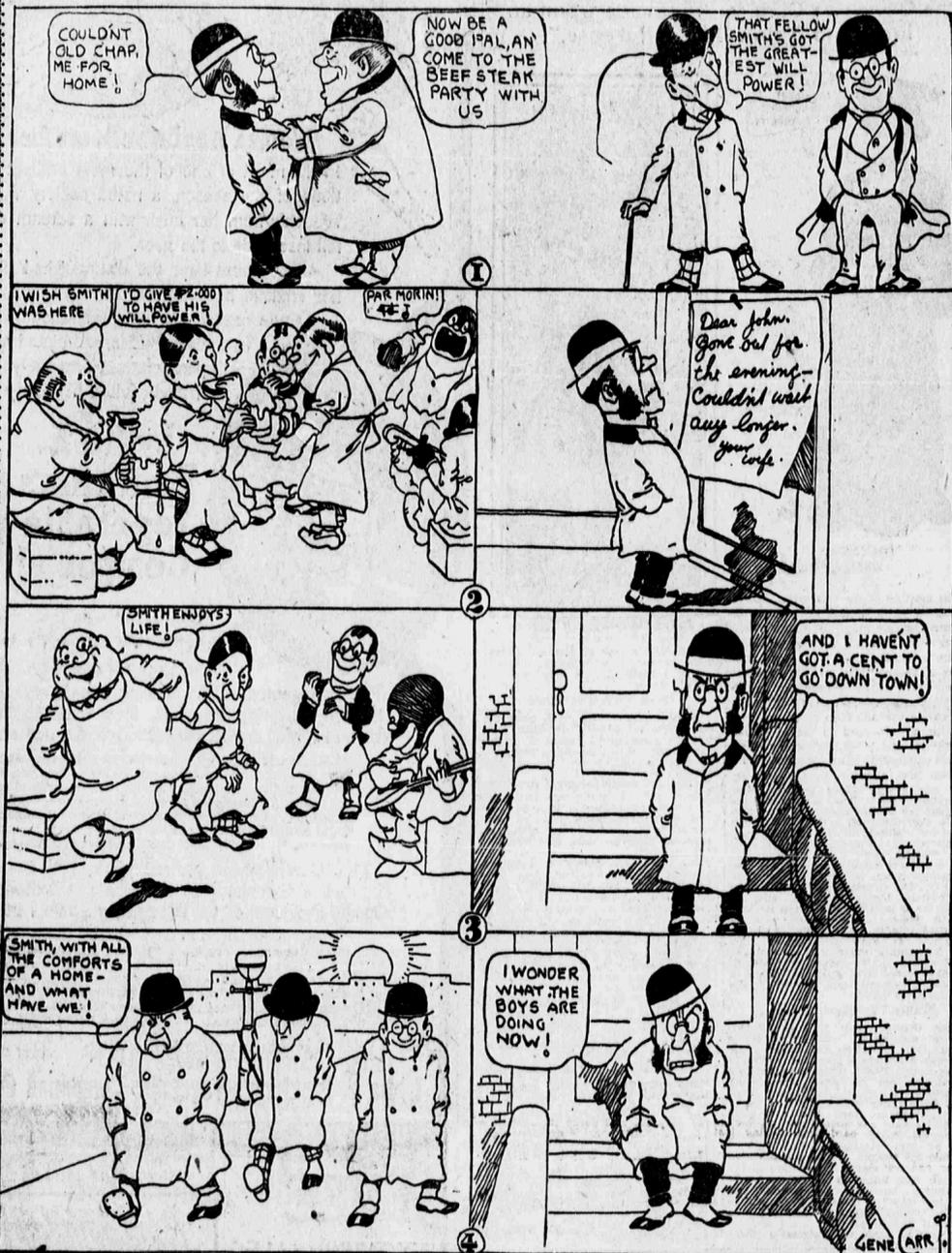
"I don't know," answered Mr. Cumros, "whether I enjoy it or whether I get used to it and don't notice it so much."—Washington Star.

Athletes race over icy paths. Cinder paths in city streets have had a deserved popularity this winter.

The Lord Bishop of Ripon, speaking at the New Vagabond Club on amateurism on the stage, admitted that "those who attend church are sometimes exposed to the same experience."

It is only for her first speeches, said Mrs. John F. Yanger to the clubwomen at the Waldorf, that a clubwoman wears out the encyclopaedia. Later she learns that she has the encyclopaedia's head look up. Careful reading of women's club news confirms this opinion.

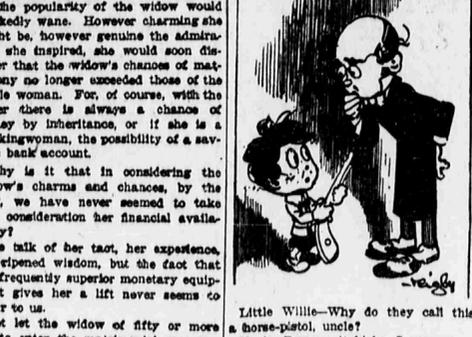
All the Comforts of Home. The Juicy Beefsteak Party Has Joys for the "Boys"—But Not for Smith.



New Light on the Widow. Mrs. Nagg and Mr. ... By Roy L. McCardell.

It remained for a widow to solve the problem of the widow's income and other than not she will find herself left at the post. Not that she is not occasionally very charming, but if Shakespeare were dragged into the discussion, "Oh, what a world of vile, ill-favored faults" Look handsome with 300 pounds a year. To be sure, the cost of living has increased wonderfully since the sixteenth century, when the immortal bard indited that sentiment. And it takes more than an income of \$1,500 to make an unlovely woman seem altogether flawless. But the principle is the same. If the new idea of the dowryless widows takes hold, I don't think it will—we need no longer devote long hours of wakefulness to solving the problem of her popularity. For it will have vanished with the sea serpent, the Capt. Kidd treasure and the Keeley motor. And nothing but a revolutionary code will bring it back.

Wisdom on the Hoof.



Had No Faith in Signs.



Little Willie's Guide to New York. THE FLATIRON BUILDING.

flatirons are built for the purpose of flattening clothes down and pressing them but I guess the flatiron building's flatirons are all on the top of the building and the clothes all seem to be tearing to reach those flatirons it is a fear-sun site, Broadway runs in one direction and Fifth Avenue runs in another direction and in the middle of the three the flatiron building is conveniently situated. When people from out of town used to come to New York they made a B line for the flatiron building but now they say where is the flatiron building I am told it is one of the wonders of the age, the flatiron building has done more to encourage the study of architecture among visitors to the city than any other institution in existence. It is 236 feet in height and would have been built still higher only the proprietors property didn't extend any farther in that direction. Poppa said that civilization begins at the flatiron building and extends north throo Broadway to fifty ninth street. What a blessing is civilization to mankind!

The "Fudge" Idiotrial

Bathe Baby in Wet Water. An anxious young mother in East Orange writes us for advice as to giving baby his bath. BLESS THE BABIES! They CANNOT be bathed TOO much. One word covers the case, BATHE BABY IN WET WATER. DRY goods will NEVER do to bathe baby with, although they MAY be used at the CLOSE of the ceremony in the form of TOWELS. USE A TUB, not a TABLESPOON, to hold the water. Hold baby yourself. DO NOT TRUST PAPA! He is not reliable! SOME authorities stick baby's head in first. WE DO NOT urge the practice, although it is useful in STOPPING THE YELLS! ALWAYS undress the darling BEFORE throwing it into the tub. We say "TI" purposely, so that the advice will do ANY case.

Notes on Art and Others.

By Henry Tyrrell. BRONSON HOWARD, the dean of American dramatists, had a novel call to jury duty the other day. Edward Terry and his company were giving the trial scene of "Bartley vs. Pickwick" at a charity matinee in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Edward and his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Wyndham, Miss Evie Green, Mme. Nordica and other distinguished artists occupied an ambulance box convenient to the stage. Twelve supernumeraries were required for the jury, and only eleven had been rounded up. They had their eye on Oscar, the diplomatic major-domo of the Waldorf, who had been lingering near—but he was too wary for them and discreetly faded away. So they seized the good, gray author of "The Henrietta," and dragged him to the jury box. It is only fair to Mr. Howard to say that, as foreman, he did his duty manfully, and brought in a verdict of seven hundred pounds damages for the plaintiff.

CHITMAN and Twaichman exhibitions are of recent occurrence. Both of these painters, although members of the National Academy, escaped mummified and covered with the glamour of poetic feeling over the pictures of Southern Connecticut and the South country which they painted in a kind of friendly rivalry. A sure way of distinguishing between the two man whose names frequently become mixed is to remember that Twaichman is dead, while Chitman is alive and stooping.

POSTAL-CARD Court a diamond-edition Dias and Duare, and a jolly little Jaques, not three inches square, are four artistic curiosities to be seen at the Brander gallery. These microscopic masterpieces are from a collection of personal souvenirs presented by various artists friends to the late (old?) Georges Petit, the Paris picture-dealer. They are remarkable examples of the bold-down individualities of the several painters. The four above mentioned, recently acquired by Mr. Brander, are from the Sherwin's sale of the personal effects and articles of vertu (not virtue) of the notorious Mme. Humbert, the Coctee Chadwick of Paris. But they are such obviously genuine notes that nobody ever accused Mme. Humbert of having forged the signatures of Messrs. Court et al.

ALBERT CHEVALIER, the coctee Coquinin, is accompanied at the piano by Mr. Alfred H. West, who composed the music of his more recent character songs, such as "The Fulton Star" and "Wot Yur De Be Luv Oil" (Pretty hard language, that last, but it's English yodel, you know). Chevalier's earlier successes, such as "My Old Dutch" and "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road" were set to music by his brother.

Frank Keenan, the Antoine-like actor who emerged into metropolitan popularity a couple of seasons ago as "The Hon. John Grigsby," grimly gets off the following epigram:

SUCCESS. Success is a swing to door, swung to. From a lobby that's always full. Some men get through by the side marked "PUSH," And some by the side marked "PULL."

CLYDE FITCH will dramatize his telephone, the next time he wants a subject for an up-to-date emotional comedy-drama. His moral suspicion to the obstreperous but necessary wife is so pronounced, that he keeps a secretary on purpose to answer calls. The other day some one rang him up on urgent business, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Hello! I want Butinsky—Mr. Fitch's secretary." "In. What did you wish to speak to him about?" "None of your business—Excuse me, but I told you I wanted Butinsky." "Won't I do?" "No, no, no!—Who are you, anyway?" "My name is Fitch—Clyde Fitch." "I'll ( ) wh-r-r-r—"

Shifting the Blame.



Deacon—Do you know, my friend, I don't like to see you smokin' Sport—Well, you don't see me smokin'ing. It's the cigar.